WINNSBORO, S. G., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1888.

world.

## the platter. With a housewifely air this A Brother's Keeper. young girl selected his knife and plate and brought him a fruit napkin. "I do love to handle things about a house,"

A WOMAN'S WORK OF LOVE AND DUTY

BY MARY MARRWELL CATHERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "CRACUE O' DOOM" "STEPHEN GUTHER!" "THE LONE MAN'S CARDE," AND OTHER STORIES.

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4 CHAPTER L URLEY stepped out in the February dusk after spending 2 dull Sunday at home. His house rose between

him and the western sky, and he paused a ent, as he often did, to look at it with some pride. It was an old building, abundantly large, with many after-thoughts of wings and perches.

of wings and perches.

Jesse Stone could be seen milking in the barn-lot, and the voice of Jesse's wife could be heard crooning a pasim tune as a fare-well to the Sabbath, while she placed the tubs ready for next day's washing. Mrs. Stone kept holy day with Scotch Presbyterian rigor from five o'clock on Saturday areas and saturday areas and saturday areas. evening until five o'clock on Sunday even-ing; and if she attended night service this was a free-will offering to Heaven. The homes of Gurley's various neighbors appeared here and there, and down wooded hills still sparkled the college town's steeples. Below, culture was life's law. Up hill,

amidst farms and scattered school-houses quite another class of people made another law unto themselves. As refinement and coarseness may dwell side by side in a city, so had Greensburg and the hills elbowed each other several generations without per deptibly acting on each other. However solidly excellent these hill farmers might be, the college town despised their plane of living; while, on the opposite side, all hill farmers voted against appropriations for the improvement of the town. Gurley took a short cut across the upward

slope of his meadow to spend an hour with an old chum whose homestead lay on the border of the hill region. He reached the muddy road, and a few turns brought him to the gate which opened on Tom Holmes' lawn. Poplars staked out with their stiff pillars the path to the house. It was a staunch homestead, covered with knotty elbows of the trumpet vine. The sitting room windows were flickering with firelight and he ascended the wooden steps at that side and confidently knocked.

But two or three knocks brought no response, and, after waiting, Gurley opened the door and went in. The familiar room was in a receptive at-

titude toward chance comers; chairs stood grouped for conversation; a platter of apples and a pile of plates and silver knives was piled high with blazing sticks. The whole room so suggested invisible presences that Gurley felt convinced he should find the family at home. He threw the end of his cigar in the fire, and-having the freedom of the house at all times-opened another door into the kitchen. It was still warm with suggestions of the past supper a kettle breathed in the dark. The door closed behind him and he arod of light opposite and some subterranean voice calling made him venture ahead and lift a latch which gave entrance to the cellar.

"It's Randy, of course," said Gurley. "Is that you, Randy? Where are all the folks?" At the foot of the stairs was a girl looking up. She held Tom Holmes' toddling child by one hand, and with the other lifted a candle over her head. She was very young and had black hair curling away from an eager face. Her throat showed white above her black dress, even in shadow, and her sleeves were tucked above elbows soft and round. A large calico apron almost covered

The two looked steadily at each other moment, he at the top, she at the foot of the stairs. Being a stranger, Gurley detected at once the sorrowful curve of mouth

"Beg pardon," said he, hat in hand "Aren't Tom and Mrs. Holmes in?" "They've gone to church," said the girl "I heard you and thought it was Mr. Mc "Gurley, of the Mounds farm. I hope !

"Oh, no; if you wait a little while they will be home. Toddles and I are keeping house. I promised to take care of him and strain the milk." Toddles, recognizing a play-fellow at the

haven't startled you!"

top of the stairs, shook a tin mug and uttered remarks in a dialect peculiar to him "May I come down and help you?" in

quired Gurley. "An offen" he thought, which she may resent." "If you would please lift the pails it would

be a help;" she replied. "Toddles keeps stepping on my dress."
Gurley descended the stairs and they went back to the milk cellar. The crocks and pens were already in line, and along this



"I LIKE CELLARS," SHE SAID. of the flowing liquid, but she attended to this most pastoral employment in pastoral quiet. The candle was set on a swinging shelf above. Jars, bottles and bins stretched their long shadows away from the light. The smell of apples and a spicy hint of cider-taps came through a half-shut foor. Just over the candle flame a spider

uddled, as if hiding his head in the gray Nothing was said during the milk-strain ing. Gurley wondered who this girl could be. Tom Holmes had said nothing to him recently of having a great in the family, and she was certainly not a successor to Randy Thompson. She had the uncon-scious dignity of a lady, and there was for that she at least came of stock living on sheir own land, and, in the finest sense, ag you to see her first when she's fresh

The palls were rinsed and put away, and horses for the saddle." this young lady carried the light upstairs, while duriey assisted Toddles and his mug. "I like cellars," she said, lingering and looking back. "Though I met my first disappointment in one. There was a jar full of ething black which ought to have been jam; but it was tar; and Pm so cred-alous I kept licking my finger and tasting it over and over before I would be convinced. Credulous people do get so much tar in their

Gurley langhed, and said he hoped she would have no further experiences in tar. They went into the sitting-room, and she Heated the lamp. Gurley took an apple from

she said, partially to herself. "Housekeeping is your forte, perhaps?" said Gurley.
"It isn't my fate, then. I teach the school in this district, you know," she explained. "Oh," remarked Gurley, to show that his

impressions were corrected.
"Yes. But when Thorney and I begin our housekeeping, I shall help to farm." "I wonder who Thorney is?" thought Gur-

ley.
"Thorney is my brother," she continued. "He is two years older than I am. He is working for a farmer across Black Hollow, and saving all his money." "That being the case," observed the young man, smiling, "he will some day be a

capitalist."
"Oh, no," she replied, with pleased sin-

cerity. "But it is nice to be really working toward an object." At this moment a rap resounded on the front door of the sitting-room. There were no halls in the Holmes house, so the new-

comer was distinctly visible to Gurley as soon as the door opened to admit him. Entertained as he felt himself to be by his temporary hostess, any body would have been unwelcome to him; but thrice unwelcome though a kinsman of the house, was Milton McArdle. Gurley could not assert that McArdle was the meanest fellow in college, but that was his conviction. He loathed McArdle's lady-like languers, his general readiness to be taken care of, his pimply blondeness. McArdle had placed himself in the hands of his religious denominstion and was allowing it to educate him for the ministry. Other students were supported by the church; but what seemed i their cases a generous stooping to use means for a public good, seemed in him a cunning and contemptible grasping of what could be got for nothing. Yet Gurley felt certain if McArdle had come to college rid ing on an elephant and having a nabob fa ther, he would have been a greedy sneak just the same, inspiring. Gurley with the desire to fiy upon and kick and maltrest He was a long and nervous youth, with

slight hands and drooping under lip.
"How do you do, Miss Phœbe?" said Me Ardle, unwinding a scarf from his neck while he lingered in releasing the young

"So her name is Phosbe," thought Gurley. "There's McArdle's patronizing familiarity for you. Good evening, McArdle." "Oh, are you here, Gurley? Good evening." He undulated toward the fire and warmed himself by the roaring logs quite as if he had come into his own. "You are classmates, aren't you?" in quired Phœbe.

Fes," said Gurley. "But college toils are nearly over now," said McArdle, in a high and rather melancholy key, "and then I suppose our paths will widely diverge. I shall betake myself to a theological school to continue prepara tion for my humble calling. But with your friends and advantages you can do any

"Not quite," responded Gurley, indiffer ently, feeling he should never do that as long as he could not batter McArdle. "All the family are at church?" said the divinity student, helping himself to apples. "Yes," said Phœbe. "Even Randy has gone to chapel. I promised to take care of

softly slipping a knife under the rind. "And that's why he intruded himself," thought Gurley. He watched his class mate's lean jaws working.

eadings together," explained MoArdle. "Von couldn't take me into the class? suggested Gurley. "Oh, yes," responded McArdle, stiffly. "Certainly, if you wish it. You'd be an ac

quisition. Phœbé White, who appeared to rest in n part of the room, carried off Mrs. Holmes' unwilling young son into his adjoining

The two young men, after talking awhile, with little interest in each other's remarks, dropped into silence and listened to her voice. First it was remonstrating with

"O, my tiny son! How can Phoebe rock such a milky-faced boy to sleep? She'll think she has a calfie from the barn-yard; a real bossy calf that never will let its namma wash its face and rub it nice and clean this way. And the cow's little child never has such pretty white clothes to put on, and doesn't get wrapped up and rocked." So, above counter-remonstrances of Tod-dles, she began to sing half under her breath Tennyson's cradle song, and Toddles in due time began drowsily to echo her. Gurley looked into the fire, fancying how she swung in a rocker, and how the curve of her throat swelled with the sweet, repressed crooning. He did not know much about domestic life, having passed most of his years with his farmer and housekeepe But all this made him feel quite soft-hearted

"Sweet and low, sweet and low," sung Phœbe. "Sreet and ro." schoed Toddles.

"Wind of the western sea" "Res'm sea." "Low, low, breathe and blow," "Breave and bro," "Wind of the western sea," "Res'm sea.

"Over the rolling waters go," "Come from the dying moon and blow," "Moony bro,"

"Blow him again to me: While my little one, while my pretty one," "Sleeps!" "Bleep and rest, sleep and rest," "Father will come to thee soon,"

"Soo-oon." "Rest, rest on mother's breast, "Mur' bes'," Father will come to his babe in the west,

"Silver sails all out of the west." "Under the silver moon. Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one," "Pitty one,"

The song was repeated until Toddles' re sponses grew far between and ceased al Than a silence followed. a a aloppy night," said McArdle. "Yes, I suppose Tom will drive slowly "I apprehend that he will," responded McArdle, in the stilted English of his

By the time Phosbe came back, however, stamping on the steps proclaimed the family's return from church. Mrs. Holmes moved softly in, followed by her handmaid, Randy Thompson, who had been left and picked up again at the school-house meeting. Last appeared Tom Holmes, rosy and ulating, ready to stir the fire and all mimate things as well.

"How do you do, Jack? How do you do, Milton? Somebody give me a lift with this overcoat. Thanks, Drusie. How are things at the Mounds, Jack? You've been keeping yourself steadily at home." "All going right. I've bought a pretty sonng saddle mare, Tom. I'd have ridden over to show you, but I wanted

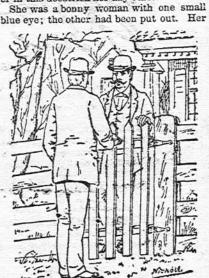
groomed. Jesse Stone has spoiled the old "Ah, pshaw! Jack. Why didn't you tel me you wanted such an animal? A Gurley ought to know the points of a horse, but I could put you up to a thing or two."
"You'll say you couldn't have done better when you see her," said Gurley, warmly.

"Slight limbs, head well up, good shoulders, and full of fire." "Old, and weak in the knees, I'll be "Just three years, and as quick as a cat." "There wasn't nothin' about horse dealin' in our sermon to-night," remarked Randy

Thompson, with the freedom of a long-

"Is Toddles asleep?" asked Mrs. Holmes, warming her graceful hands. "Yes, and snug in his crib," said Phœbe. "I thank you so much for relieving Randy "I think of relieving Randy altogether,"

said Phœbe, with a laugh. "We will exchange work." "I wouldn't be a school miss for no money," remarked Randy, bluntly. "Neither in this deestrick nor any other.



of her head, and as to her features they greatly slandered a kind nature. When Gurley started home the night was turning sharp and clear.

Tom Holmes, continuing his talk about the korse, walked to the lawn gate with his "Good sugar weather," he commented pausing there. "My men in the sugar camp re going to stir off a couple of kettles tomorrer evening. Come over, Jack, and try a paddle-full. Ride that nag and let me

"Perhaps I will," said Gurley: "You know the place-on the woods road near Black Hollow. We'll all be over

"Well, count on me," said Gurley. "You wouldn't expect to see any of the modern improvements. I haven't enough maples to make it pay. Adam and Mose Guy boil the old way, on the shares."

"The ground has turned stiff," said Gurley. "I shall have a bracing walk home. Who is this young teacher you've taken into the house, Tom!"
"I don't know," replied Holmes, indiffer-

ently. "She's some nice little thing from nowhere. The district doesn't pay enough to employ a man." "McArdle seems to admire her."

"May be he does. McArdle's a kind of a sop. I guess, though, he thinks she admires him.: Living directly by the schoolhouse as we do we're always pestered to board the teacher. Drusie was entirely willing to take this one into the family, and she does seem comfortable enough to have

"You don't know her people?" "No. Barker - the old schoolmastervouches for her. She has nobody but an idiotic brother, I believe, and she put him out to work near her. Nice enough girl, too. Pity she's cumbered with the idiot. You've seen Psyche since her return?" more like swansdown than ever."

"You can't complain of ill-luck, my lad," said Tom Holmes, as they exchanged a parting grip over the gate. TO BE CONTINUED

THE MOTHER OF ALBINOS. Four Very Curious Specimens of Distorted

Humanity. (From the Americus, Ga., Recorder.) Mrs. Harriett Sperlin, colored, died at her home in this city about two weeks ago, of paralysis. Harriet was somewhat distinguished by being the mother of four genuine albino children. She and her husband, Jerry Sperlin, were entirely black—that is, they had no white blood in them. Their three first children were as black as they were, and then then the next four, in succession, were as white as it is possible for a human being to be with blue eyes, which danced about in the sockets, and white hair which kinked like that of the genuine negro. Then the last two or three of their children were as black as the first. Of the four albinos three were girls and one a boy, and all grew up to man and womanhood, since which time two of the girls have died. The boy, Tom Sperlin, left here a short time ago for Florida. The father of these albinos is still living, and says that from the time they were five years old till they interest in the net proceeds and promised a safe return of the children, but Jerry

were grown, he has been offered large sums of money for these children by showmen, who wished to exhibit them as curiosities. Some offered him a half positively declined all such offers, say ing that his conscience would not allow him to speculate in his own flesh and

Silk Hats And Rainy Weather. Have you ever noticed, writes a Philadelphia merchant in the Hatter and Furrier, that if you put your silk hat on in the morning and forget to take your umbrells with you it is just sure to rain before you get back? I can give you an illustration which will prove my theory conclusively-at least it did so to my mind. A number of years ago I was living in Lancaster County, and it was very dry; so dry; indeed, that at many of the country churches they had begun to hold services every day to pray for rain. Several weeks passed, however,

and still no rain. My uncle, with whom I was stopping, was a devout Christian, and also believed in the efficacy of prayer to induce the Supreme Ruler to open the floodgates of heaven and moisten the parched earth. He attended the services regularly, and poured forth many an earnest appeal. I have no doubt but the fact that he had about eighty acres of corn which was being conpletely dried up made him all the more earnest, but, at any rate, when many had given up all hope of it ever raining again, and the more superstitious. my uncle among them, had made up their minds that the end of the world was close at hand, arrangements were made to hold an all day service. It was largely attended, and my uncle that day, for the first time since his marriage, forty years before, got out his high silk hat and wore it. I shall never forget how odd it looked. for, of course, it was very much out of style, and resembled an antique relic. Well, would you believe it, before he got home big banks of clouds came up, and I never saw it rain harder. Of course,

as my uncle had not taken an umbrella my uncle wore his silk hat.

ing Uncle Thurman's hankercher, the who answered not again, the society of 1460, and that consecration of type to the Springfield Republican says: "Too many letters are dangerous in politics, and the shine with your hat off, and you will great mission of printing for the evangeletters are dangerous in pointies, and the democrats should be sparing of them if they expect to make n's meet in Novem, ber." As Editor Watterson would ber." As Editor Watterson would be sparing of them if they expect to make n's meet in Novem, ber." As Editor Watterson would be sparing of them if the Methodist nuns will wear distinctive costumes, and live in houses by themselves. They will minister to the poor and the sick, remark, go to, go to! quotha and a'death! Don't two n's meet in bandanna?

F THE SUNDAY PAPER CAN'T BE

SUPPRESSED, CONVERT IT. Te Advises the People to Give the Re-

porters Easychairs-Don't Condemn All Editors Because of One-His Idea of the Newspaper of the Distant Day. The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached

ing upon the subject: "The Pulpit and last regular serm n that the popular cation, and so the religious information divine will preach until after the summer vacation. This fact was sufficient to more than usually crowd the great that news week old is stale. Give us all the great church facts and all the

Dr. Talmage took his text from Luke xvi., 8: "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." He said:

"Sacred stupidity and solemn incompetency and sanctified laziness are here rebuked by Christ. He says worldlings are wider awake for opportunities than most valuable occasions drift by unimproved. "A marked illustration of the truth of

that maxim is in the slowness of the Christian religion to take possession of the secular printing press. The oppor-tunity is open and has for some time heen open, but the ecclesiastical courts the widest and highest Christian courtebeen open, but the ecclesiastical courts and the churches and the ministers of religion are for the most part allowing the golden opportunity to pass unim- room when they come to report occasions. proved. That the opportunity is open I declare from the fact that all the secular newspapers are glad of any religious of coileges, with families to support by Any animated and stirring article relating to religious themes they would gladly print. They thank you for any information in regard to churches. If a wrong has been done to any Christian Church or Christian institution. facts or statistics that you present them. their literary craft, many of them weary

tion services, ministerial ordinations and pastoral installations, cornerstone laying of a church, anniversary of a charitable society will have reasonable space in any secular journal, if it have previous notice given. If I had some great injustice in churches; so that our cities are not so done me, there is not an editorial or a much preached to by ministers of religion reportorial room in the United States as by reporters. into which I could not go and get myself set right, and that is true of any well-known Christian man. Already the daily secular press during the course of not be three preached to journalists, and each week publishes as much religious information as does the weekly religious ress. Why, then, does not our glorious the prayers offered for this most potential

cessation of indiscriminate hostility not faith enough to pray for that and toil against newspaperdom. You might as for that, you had better get out of our well denounce the legal profession be-ranks and join the other side, for you cause of the shysters, or the medical are unbelievers who make the wheels of profession because of the quacks, or the Lord's chariot drag heavily. bargain makers, as to slam-bang newspapers because there are recreant editors | not be fought with swords and shells and and unfair reporters and unclean

columns. "If instead of fighting newspapers we spend the same length of time and the same vehemence in marshalling their help in religious directions, we would be as much wiser as the man who gets consent of the railroad superintendent to gelist's pen and apostle's pen, followed fasten a car to the end of a rail train, shows better sense than he who runs his wheelbarrow up the track to meet and wing of the apocalyptic angel will be the drive back the Chicago limited express. The silliest thing that a man ever does is to fight a newspaper, for you may have the floor for utterance perhaps one day in the week, while the newspaper has the floor every day of the week. Napoleon, though a mighty man, had many weaknesses, and one of the weakest things he ever did was to threaten that if the English newspapers did not Sabbaths come back again. I do not stop their adverse criticism of himself think the modern Sunday will turn out

the Channel for their chastisement. provokes attack. Better wait till the say nothing of other results, Sunday excitement blows over and then go in newspapers are killing editors, reporters and get justice, for get it you will if you compositors and pressmen. Every man, have patience and common sense and woman and child is entitled to twentyequipoise of disposition. It ought to be four hours of nothing to do. If the a mighty sedative that there is an encrmous amount of common sense in the that does not relieve the editorial and world, and you will eventually be taken reportorial room of its cares and responfor what you are really worth, and you sibilities. Our literary men die fast cannot be puffed up and you cannot be enough without killing them with Sunday written down, and if you are the enemy work. But the Sunday newspaper has of good society that fact will come out, and if you are the friend of good society

that fact will be established. can draw on my own experience. All | with moral and religious information, live the respectable newspapers as far as I sermons and facts elevating. Urge them know are my friends now. But many that all divorce cases be dropped and inof you remember the time when I was stead thereof have good advice as to how the most continuously and meenly attacked man in this country. God gave | together. Put in small type the behavior me grace not to answer back and I kept of the swindling church member and in silence for ten years, and much grace it large type the contribution of some required. What I said was perverted and twisted into just the opposite of feeble-minded children or a seaside sani-what I did say. My person was matarium. ligned and I was represented as a gor-gon, and I was maliciously described by persons who had never seen rie, as monstrosity in mind, body and soul. There were millions of people who believed that there was a large sofa in this pulpit, although we never had anything but a chair, and that during the singing by the congregation I was accustomed to lie down on that sofa and dangle my feet over the end. Lying New York correspondents for ten years misrepreour church services, but we waited and people from every neighborhood of Christendom came here to find the magnitude of the falsehood concerning the church and concerning myself."

"A reaction set in and now we have istice, full justice, more than justice, and as much over-praise as once we had ever lived was so much indebted to the newspaper press for opportunity to preach the Gospel as I am. Young men in the ministry, young men in all pro-fessions and occupations, wait. You with him that morning, his antique hat can afford to wait. Take rough misrepwas ruined. The other people all attri- resentation as a Turkish towel to start buted the rain to the many supplications up your languid circulation, or a system of religious victory would surprise me. "Again: In this effort to secure the secular press as a mightier re-enforcement of secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-inforce- religious utterences more interesting and secular press as a mightier re-enforcement of the poor and the sick. Wade in lower Longtown closed on and soda. The place is nearly feet below the poor and the sick. Such as a mightier re-enforcement of the poor and the sick. Such as a mightier re-enforcement of the poor and the sick. Such as a mightier re-enforcement of the poor and the sick. Such as a mightier re-enforcement of the poor and the sick. Such as a mightier re-enforcement of the poor and the sick. Such as a mightier re-enforcement of the poor and the sick. Such as a mightier re-enforcement of the poor and the sick. Such as a mightier re-enforcement of the poor and the sick. Such as a mightier re-enforcement of the poor and the sick. Such as a mightier re-enforcement of the poor and the poo

DR. TALMAGE ON THE PRESS. ment of religion and the pulpit, let us spirited, and then the press will reproduce make it the avenue of religious information. If you put the facts of churches said denominations of Christians only into the column of religious papers, you going to give us any points to-day? which do not in this country have an average of more than 10,000 subscribers, what have you done as compared with what yet do if you put these facts Then I said to myself, what right have through the daily papers, which have we in our pulpits and Sunday school to hundreds of thousands of readers. Every take the time of people if we have little denomination must have its fattle nothing to say that is memorable? little denomination must have its very interesting sermon Sunday morn-organ, supported at great expense, when with one-half the outlay a common or half a column of room might be rented Printing Press as Allies." It was the in some semi-omnipotent secular publiwould be sent round and round the

"The sorld moves so swiftly to-day continent is the hole in which good people throw their money when they start a newspaper. It is almost as good and as quick a way of getting rid of money as buying stock in a gold mine in Colorado. their cylinders, all their steam power, all are Christians. Men of the world grab their peris, all their types, all their occasions, while Christian people let the editorial chairs and reportorial rooms are available if you would engage them in behalf of civilization and Christianity.

GIVE THE REPORTERS EASY CHAIRS. "Again: If you would secure the sies to the representives of journalism. Give them easy chairs and plenty of For the most party they are gentlemen of education and refinement, graduates Church or Christian institution, you multitudes. They are connecting links between a sermon or a song or a prayer and have the real truth stated. Dedica- and this great population that tramp up and down the create day by day and year. and down the streets day by day and year by year, with their sorrows uncomforted and their sins unpardoned. More than eight hundred thousand people in Brooklyn and less than seventy-five thousand

"Put all journalists into our prayer. and sermons. Of all the hundred thouoffered for classes of men innumerable Christianity embrace these magnificent opportunities? I have before me a subject of first and last importance: How shall we secure the secular press as a smighter reinforcement to religion and takes into the kingdom the pulpit? "The first thing toward this result is pressmen and newsboys. And if you have

merchandise because of the swindling The great final battle between truth and error, the Armageddon, Ithink, will guns, but with pens-quill pens, steel pens, gold pens, fountain pens-and, before that, the pens must be converted. The most divinely honored weapon of the past has been the pen, and the most divinely honored weapon of the future will be the pen; prophet's pen and evan-

by editor's pen and reporters' pen and auther's pen. God save the pen! The printed page. The printing press will roll ahead of Christ's chariot to clear the THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

"But some one might ask, would you make the Sunday newspapers also a re-enforcement? Yes, I would. I have learned to take things as they are. I would like to see the much scoffed at old Puritan he would with 400,000 bayonets cross any better men and women than were your grandfathers and grandmothers "Don't fight newspapers. Attack under the old-fashioned Sunday. To newspapers put on another set of hands. come to stay. It will stay a good deal longer than any of us stay. What, then, shall wedo? Implore all those who have I know what I am talking about, for I anything to do with issuring it to fill it husbands and wive ought to live lovingly Christian man toward an asylum for

"Urge all managing editors to put meanness and impurity in type pearl or agate and and charity and fidelity and Christian consistency in brevier or bourgeois. If we cannot drive out the Sunday ewspaper let us have the Sunday newspapers converted. The fact is that the modern Sunday newspaper is a great improvement on the old Sunday newspaper. What a beastly thing was the Sunday newspaper thirty years ago! It was enough to destroy a man's respectability to leave the end of it stricking out of his coat pocket. What editorials! What advertisements! What pictures! The modern Sunday newspaper is as much an improvement on the old-time Sunday newspaper as one hundred is more than twenty-five; in other words, above 75 per cent. improvement. Who knows that by prayer and kindly consultation with our literary friends we may have it under-appreciation, and no man that lifted into a positively religious sheet printed on Saturday uight and only distributed, like the American Messenger, or the Missionary Journal, or the Sundsy-School Advocate, on Sabbath morn-

"All things are possible with God, and my faith is up until nothing in the way butted the rain to the many supplications, or a system that were offered up that day, but I have always had another theory as to what brought it on. I think it was because brought it on. I think it was because always had another theory as to what brought it on. I think it was because brought it on. I think it was because always had another theory as to what brought it on. I think it was because brought it on. I think it was because always had another theory as to what brought it on. I think it was because brought it on. I think it was because brought it on the discipline of the Church a graph and telephone and type will yet one person you need to manage and appears a propose person you need to manage and appears a propose person you need to manage and appears in a careful consideration of the subject by the committee on missions. The committee on missions the committee on missions are salutary treatment. There is only a fine worked. The sorghum crop is ready, nowever, it is consideration of the subject by the committee on missions. The committee on missions. The committee on missions. The committee on missions are salutary treatment. There is only appear and telephone and type will yet inserted in the discipline of the Church a since the manage and the manage a one person you need to manage, and announce nations born in a day. The that is yourself. Keep your disposition first book ever printed was the Bible, by Alluding to the democratic way of spell- sweet by communion with the Christ Faust and his son-in-law, Schoeffer, in

them. On the way to church, some fifteen What do you mean?' I asked. He said: I mean by that anything that will be striking enough to be remembered." Then I said to myself, what right have

nothing to say that is memorable?

make them too smooth for any kind of execution. What we want, all of us more point, less humdrum. If we say the right thing in the right way the press will be glad to echo and re-echo it. men and old men in the ministry, what

"Now, as you all have something

out in cold rype.

do with the newspaper press, either in issning a paper or in reading it, either Not more printing presses, but the right as produces or patrons, either as sellers use of those already established. All or purchasers of the printed sheet, worth printing, you by printing only that which is fit to speak. You help us and we will help you. Side by side be these two potent agencies until the judgment day, when we must both be from the late spring, but the stand is scrutinized for our work, healthful or good. But if the land is good and it day will be the minister of religion and he editor if the editor if they wasted their opportunity. Both of us are engineers of long express trains of influence, and we will run them into a depot of light or tumble them off the embankmets.

> "About thirteen years ago a represenative of an important newspaper took his seat in this church one Sabbath night about five pews from the front of this oulpit. He took out pencil and reporter's scene. When the music began he began, then he derided the prayer, and then derided the reading of the Scriptures, and per pound money will be plentiful. hen began to deride the sermon. But, he says, for some reason his hand began to tremble, and he, rallying himself, sharpened his pencil and started again, but broke down again, and then put service he came up and asked for the a hall at his own expense and every Sabbath afternoon preaches Jesus Christ to

COVERTING A SCOFFING REPORTER.

going to come in a body throughout the country. I know hundreds of them, and the tendency of their profession may be toward skepticism, an organized, common-sense Gospel invitation would fetch them to the front of all Christian endeavor. Men of the pencil and pen, in all departments, you need the help of Christian religion. In the day when people want to get their newspapers at three cents, and are hoping for the time when they can get any of them at one of the printing press are by the thousand ground under the cylinders, you Paradise Lost,' for which the author received \$25; and the immortal poem, 'Hohenlinden,' of Thomas Campbell, when he first offered it for publication, and in the column called 'Notices to Correspondents' appeared the words: 'To T. C.—The lines commencing, "On Linden when the sun was low," are not up to our standard. Poetry is not T.

C.'s forte.' "Oh, men of the pencil and pen, amid your unappreciated work you need enconragement and you can have it. Printers of all christendom, editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, pubshers and readers of that which is printed, resolve that you will not write, et up, edit, issue or read anything that debases body, mind or soul. In the name of God, by the laying on of the hands of faith and prayer, ordain the printing press for righteousness and liberty and salvation. All of us have some influence that will help in the right | them three caudidates. direction. Let us put our hands to the work, imploring God to hasten the consummation '

A Confederate Home.

BALTIMORE, June 20 .- A special meeting of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryand and the Assocation of the Maryland Line was held last night to make arrangements for the opening of the Home for Brokendown and Indigent Soldiers of the Confederate Army at Pikesville on the 27th nstant.

Captain G. W. Booth presided and in calling the meeting to order said he wished to give emphatic denial to some current ex ressions that the movement of the ex Conederates in Maryland in establishing a home was inimical to and a standing menace to the government of our country. some sense," he said, "the cause of the Confederacy may be called a 'lost cause,' but there are some things that its adherents did not part with in their surrender, notably among which was their manhood heir honor and their citizenship. "The memories of the past are ours and

loubly precious, because they are among the few things left to us of that strife in which we made a record that will go down to all time and be of interest to coming generations as a display of courage and self-sacrifice seldom witnessed in the world's history. As brave men we fought for our convictions; as honest-men we have loyally abided the issue of the contest, but as true men we propose to keep bright the memories of our fallen and to preserve and protect our helpless living."

Methodist Nuns. Methodist nuns are to be a novelty in feminine experience. They were created

by the Methodist General Conference, after a careful consideration of the subject by similar to the nuns of the Roman Catholic Church, except that they are not to take vows of life service or of celibacy. No-thing more definite than that was done by the Conference, but the impression is that the Methodist nuns will wear distinctive NO USE TO GRUMBLE.

Messrs. Editors: There has been some unfavorable weather during the spring for the crops, particularly nights did not seem to hurt the grass, but it did retard the growth of cotton and it gave ground to do a little grumbling, which is always in order "The tendency of criticism in the about this time in the season, or in theological seminaries is to file off from other words it is fashionable, and our young men all the sharp points and fashion rules the world almost in anything.

I think the tune will change, the

nights are now warm and the days are hot and no doubt the plow and hoe Sabbath school teaches, reformes, young are going at full speed, which will act like magic on crops. There is no use space was taken up and hundreds were turned away. Services will be held in the church for some weeks yet, the assistant pastor officiating.

Dr. Talmage took his text from Luke

and an the great church lacts and an the men and old men in the ministry, what we all want if we are to make the printing press an ally in Christian work is that to friends who propose to start a new which the reporter spoken of suggested which the reporter spoken of suggested which the reporter spoken of suggested to the paper, is: Don't don't Employ the points, already started. The biggest insmall hele ever dug in this American continent is the hele in which the reporter spoken of suggested points. But if the thing be dead when uttered by living voice, it will be a nearly a week and it may look small the men and old men in the ministry, what we all want if we are to make the printing press an ally in Christian work is that to friends who propose to start a new paper, is: Don't don't the paper, is: Don't don' have a little dry and hot weather and the outcome will astonish any man. Cotton may in three weeks from this date look like it had never been stunted by anything. You can't count on anything as to what cotton will do propose on this Sabbath morning, June until July. It is important to have a 17, 1888, a treaty to be signed between good standard give it good work. Good the church and the printing press, a seasons from the first of July may treaty to be ratified by millions of good make a good crop. The most imseasons from the first of July may people if we rightly fashion it; a treaty portant time for making cotton is the promising that we we will help each other | time of making the fruit, and we may n our work of trying to illumine and have a good time yet. I have seen felicitate the world, we by voice, you by early cotton make a fine crop, and L pen; we by speaking only that which is have seen late planted cotton make

> blasting. The two worst off men in that receives proper work you may look for a good crop.
>
> No one ought to be blue, as at present, everything looks like the crop will soon be as good as the ground can make it. If upland corn is not pretty good it is somebody's bottom corn should look badly, but on lowlands and rich land corn can come out. Old upland will not come out by the middle of June. If every oad, resolved to caricature the whole farmer will work hard, and plenty of rain falls in July and August, there is and with his pencil he derided that, and no doubt about a fair cotton crop, and if the price should get up to ten cents

> > THE CAUSE OF POVERTY.

Messrs. Editors: I'me gwine ter gib ncil and paper in his pocket and his | ver some reson whi the pepul is alwa head down on the front of the pew and crien poverty De farmer is biggest head down on the front of the blame carse he put his big traw hat prayers of others and gave his heart to and go to de field soon in de mornin lod, and though still engaged in news- wen'it cool and de nigger will holer paper work, he is an evangelist, and hires and hoop an' work so hard den de white man go back to de house an' set in a cool place well satisfied. Den de "And the men of that profession are nigger go to hunt water and stay long den come bac work a litile den somea more genial or highly educated class of ting rong wid his foot, de sun dun got men it would be hard to find, and, though hot now, and de nigger go and cool coming out in de hot sun an' so de

nigger in de field sees a good time ebry day . de white man trust too much to de nigger in de field by himself when de nigger won't work for himself much cent, and, as a consequence, the attaches de merchant an' de larver an' de docter dat make de time so hard when want God to take care of you and your three-thirds of de white men set up in families. Some of your best work is as shade an' ete rations on a lean an' good much unappreciated as was 'Milton's eten too an' comes out behind an blame de merchent Oue thing certain de white man is

got to gine de feald his tention if he don't gib it his laber or he will come out behind eber time gib mi name some time

ITEMS FROM BLACKSTOCK.

The commencement exercises of the Blackstock High School under Prof. L. W. Dick, assisted by Miss Marion Durham, closed on Thursday evening last. The exercise's were very interesting, all the students doing honor to hemselves.

We usually have some of the young people of Winnsboro at our entertainments, but noticed none at this, though Chester had several present, among At a meeting of the board of trus-

tees held a few days since, Prof. L. W. Dick was unanimously re-elected principal. It is reported that Miss Durham does not expect to teach the ensuing year.
Mr. John L. Douglass and his sister,

Miss Kate, have recently returned from Hampton, S. C., where they have been teaching for the past year. Willie Hicklin has also returned from Fort Mill, where he has been attending school under Prof. A. R. Banks.

Our town has rather a quiet appearance since the closing of the school. Miss Sandifer, of York county, is visiting Mrs. Daniel H. Stevenson. Our town is still building up. Mr. A. B. Donglass is erecting another dwelling house which he expects to rent. Two or three others contemplate building soon.

LINKS FROM LONGTOWN.

Farmers are busy harvesting their grain crops. Corn planted on lowland rains, but we still have a fair average stand. Cotton is small and about two weeks late, but looks healthy and is growing fast. We have had four or five days of fine cotton growing weather-hot days and warm nights. More fertilizers have been used in this neighborhood this season than last. Farm labor is scarce and in demand. Pastures are better than usual in this section. Gardens are good where they were worked. The sorghum crop is fine. Many farmers contend that it is up, and the man is beginning to see. This he has not done for three years, when the section regulating them. They are to be should be fed as soon as the seed tion of transplanting in the left eye was so called deaconesses, and they will be very begins to turn. Stock is in good con-

dition. Our school, taught by Mrs. Eli Harrison, in upper Longtown, has opened again about the 1st October.

A LADY BROUGHT TO TIME.

How a Smart Agent Collected an Old Bill from a Society Woman. (From the Pittsburg Herald)

Not long since there lived at one of the principal hotels in this city a lady of means. It is said that in round numbers she was worth more than \$100 000. She dressed very handsomely, kept a carriage and pair, and moved in what Thackeray's Jeemes would call "the uppah suckles of society. There is no need to identity

her closely.

Her striking peculiarity—the only one she had—was a deep rooted aversion to paying bills. She always settled promptly her hotel bill, and the other bilts which the maintenance of her establishment produced-the livery stable's bill, for example—were punctually paid. But all others she incurred she never said if she could by any means avoid doing so.

a first class store, order a sealskin dolman, a few silk dresses, diamonds, or what not, would call around in a few days and pay for them. The goods were always sent and that was the end of it. Bills were sent again, but my lady ignored them altogether. She had obtained the goods in the first place because she was known to be a wealthy woman and of good standing in society. For the same reason she was not sued when she refused to pay. Her many wealthy and honest friends might be offended if she were sued, was the storekeepers' reason, and they bore the loss as well as they could.

She would never have paid a cent on any of say a dozen large bills if a smart collection agent had not applied a novel screw to her pecketbook.

The collection agent in question heard of this fashionable deadbeat's performances, and as he was drumming his heels in an 8x12 office on Grant street in unprofitable idleness at the time, he thought he could afford to risk his time-he had nothing else to risk-in experimenting upon her.

Accordingly he called upon one of her creditors to whom she owed a bill of \$400. He asked the merchant to allow him to try to collect the bill. The merchant warned him that it would be labor lost, but the collector was willing to make the attempt. He got a promise of 50 per cent. of the entire bill if he could collect it. Then he set to work. He wrote the

lady a polite note asking her to call at his office. It was not answered. He wrote a little sharper note. No answer came. Then he stated his claim in very plain letters and figures on a postal card. The laly herself came in great agitation to answer the card. She protested against the use of postal cards, which the hotel clerks, the bellboys and everybody

could read. "Pay the bill, madam," said the col-"and I'll wait upon you mysel He got \$200 on account at that session

The balance came the next day. The merchant was delighted and paid the 50 per cent, commission gladly. Then the collectior went to every store of any rominence in the city, and wherever h found a bill against this lady he bought it as cheap as he could. Most of them he

bought for a mere song.

He had some little difficulty in turning all these bad debts into cash, but he always fell back on the postal card squeezer, and it always did its work

quickly and effectually.

In all, I am told that his profit on these transaction amounted to more than \$2,000. I know it started him in business, and though this all occurred since January, 1886, when he was penniless, to-day he has a profitable collection agency and two brick houses of his own.

IT KNOCKS DYNAMINE ALL HOLLOW. Emmensite Buens Under Water and Holds

Plate Armor in Contempt. (From the New York Star.) In an old house near Harrison Westchester county, built in Revolutionary times, resides Dr. Stephen H. Emmens, the inventor of a new explosive. Four 12-ounce charges of Emmonsite were inserted into two borings in an immense rock not far from the house and exploded in the usual way, breaking the hard stone into thousagds of fragments. The whole displacement by the explosive was roughly estimated at thirty-six tons by expert engineers who were present, there being representives of the United States.

France and Japan. Some iron plates six inches square and one-quaster of an inch thick were suspended by threads from each corner, on which was placed and exploded a one and half ounce charge of nitro gelatine, giving a slight dent; one and a half ounce cartridge of dynamite on another plate produced a saucer-shaped indentation, while the Emmansite knocked a hole right through the plate. A conical shell weighing sixty-six and a half pounds was placed on a steel platform, having a "spud" in the centre to fit the interior of the projectile, on which it is put after being charged with the explosive; the discharge threw the shell twenty feet further than any of the other explosives used. The descending lump of iron made a well-like grave for itself down somewhere near China.

Target practice with a Springfield rifle using seventy grains of gunpowder sent a bullet through three deal boards 12 inches thick, while fifteen grains of the terror under discussion drove the regulation bullet through five boards and no one knows how many more it would have gone through if an inch thick iron plate had not stopped its wild motive

A novelty in experiments was resched when some of this material was lighted with a match and thrown under water where it continued to burn making the waier bubble and boil. Certainly Greek fire has not been cremated as this terrible modern product plainly shows. The explosive is a yellow candy-looking stuff, and is harmless, and nust be fired by powerful detonating caps inserted within the cartridges.

BALTIMORE, June 18 .- The operation of transplanting a clear piece of a rabbit's cornea into the blind eye of a patient, performed ten days ago at the Presbyterian Eye and Ear Charity Hospital, has proved a success. At the end of a week the bandages were removed and the eye exposed to the light. The piece of cornea was completely united to the human eye and had grown to the edge of the hole made in the blind eye opposite the pupil. The clear graft has become cloudy in the process of uniting to the human eye. Already, however, it he com aenced to clear satisfactory that two days since Dr. Chis-olm made a similar operation on the right

In Death Valley, Arizona, there are closed for the summer, and will be thousands of acres covered with a deposit of borax two feet thick, and, adjoining Also, the school taught by Miss Jane it, almost equal quanities of salt, lime